

Intimations.

DAKIN BROS. OF CHINA, LIMITED, CHEMISTS, &c.

COD LIVER OIL JELLY.

THIS is a sweet and exceedingly palatable jelly easily retained and digested by the most delicate stomach. Children speedily grow stout of it and ask for more, and although it contains 50 per cent. of the purest Cod Liver Oil, all baby taste and flavour is entirely covered.

In glass jars at 7s. 6d. each.

COD LIVER OIL 'GENUINE' NORWEGIAN.

This is without exception the finest oil that can be produced. Great care is taken in selecting healthy livers only in its manufacture, and as we buy direct from the manufacturers, we are able to guarantee it 'Genuine'.

Per bottle, 7s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.

COD LIVER OIL EMULSION.

A form in which the oil may be taken without difficulty by delicate patients and children.

Per bottle, 7s. 6d.

COD LIVER OIL EMULSION WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES (Lime and Soda).

A combination of great value in wasting diseases, especially of the Chest and Respiratory Organs.

Per bottle, 7s. 6d. Per dozen, \$10.

BALSAM OF ANISEED AND LIQUORICE.

For the relief of all catarrhal complaints, such as Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Soreness of the Chest, &c.

In bottles, 10s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

BALSAMIC COUGH LOZENGES.

A never failing remedy for Coughs.

In bottles, 10s. 6d.

No. 22 & 24, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL.

A. S. WATSON & CO., LD.

AMERICAN CHEROOTS.

These CHEROOTS, made from a fine selected quality of PENNSYLVANIA TOBACCO LEAF, are mild, well matured, of excellent flavour, and will be found equal to Havanas.

They are meeting with much favour in the Colony as an agreeable change from the usual Manila Cigar, and we confidently recommend them to the notice of smokers.

PRICE 3s. 5d. per Box of 250.

WINES AND SPIRITS.

PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS, BRANDY, SCOTCH WHISKY, IRISH WHISKY, BOURBON WHISKY, GIN AND RUM.

Our favourite and well-known Brands of the above are bought direct from the most noted shippers, imported in wood and bottled by ourselves, thus enabling us to supply the best goods at moderate prices.

We shall be pleased to furnish full particulars and price lists on application.

CLAY'S FERTILIZER.

A high class fertilizer for pot plants and for use in the garden generally. It supplies natural nourishment to the soil, and assists the process of assimilation, thereby aiding the plants to attain full size, vigour and beauty.

Sold in Tins containing 10lb each.....\$1.50

do Bags do 25lb do\$4.00

Directions for use are given on the label.

RANSOME'S 'NEW PARIS'.

LAWN MOWERS.

The best and cheapest Machines in the market, for sale at manufacturers' prices.

LAWN GRASS SEED.

SWEET CORN SEED.

A fresh supply of the above just received.

A. S. WATSON & CO., LD.

THE HONGKONG DISPENSARY,

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1841.

Hongkong, 4th January, 1892.

The Hongkong Telegraph.

HONGKONG, FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1892.

TELEGRAMS.

THE AMBASSADORSHIP AT ROME.

LONDON, December 28th.

The Right Hon'ble Sir Robert Morier, K.C.B., has been appointed Her Majesty's Ambassador at Rome.

[Morier, Sir Robert Burnett David, K.C.B., was born about 1817, and graduated at Balliol College, Oxford, taking his Bachelor's degree as a second class in classics in 1840. He served in the Educational Department of the Privy Council Office in 1851-52, and was afterwards successively unpaid Attaché at Vienna, and paid Attaché at Berlin. In 1859 he accompanied Mr. (now Sir Henry) Elliot's special mission to Naples, and in 1860 he acted as assistant private secretary to Lord John (afterwards Earl Russell) at Coburg, when his Lordship was in attendance on Her Majesty. Mr. Morier was appointed a second secretary in the diplomatic service in 1862. He was nominated British member of the Mixed Commission at Vienna to inquire into the Austrian tariff in March, 1865, and was promoted to be Secretary of Legation at Athens in September of the same year. He was shortly after transferred to Frankfurt, where he was subsequently acted as Charge d'Affaires. In 1866 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Darmstadt; he was nominated Charge d'Affaires at Stuttgart in 1871, and was transferred to Munich in 1872. He was promoted to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Portugal in 1876, to Madrid in 1881, and to St. Petersburg in 1884.]

PERSIA AND THE TOBACCO MONOPOLY.

In connection with the agitation against the European Tobacco Monopoly in Persia placards have been posted in the bazaars at Teheran

calling for a 'Jehad' with the object of expelling all Europeans.

CHILI APOLOGIZES.

January 6th.

Chili has sent an ample apology to Washington for the attack on the sailors belonging to the U.S. Man-of-War *Baltimore*.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

The Portuguese monster ironclad *Diu* returned to the 'Holy City,' *allis* Macao, the fair, yesterday.

The H. V. A. carbine practice at Kowloon Police Range, ordered for the 9th instant, has been unavoidably postponed.

H.M.S. *Landor* (Capt. Burgess Watson) from Amoy and the *Archer* from Shanghai via Formosan ports, arrived here yesterday afternoon.

We are informed by the agents of the Austrian Lloyd's S. N. Co. that the Company's steamer *Milpomen*, from Bombay, left Singapore for this port at noon to-day.

The Agents (Messrs. Dods, Carrill & Co.) inform us that the R.M.S. *Empress of China* left Shanghai yesterday morning for this port, and will arrive at 10 a.m. to-morrow.

A NAVAL Court of Inquiry into the loss of the *Yunnan* at Swatow, held at the British Consulate-General, Shanghai, on Wednesday at 2 p.m. The result will be known here in a day or two.

We are informed by the Agent of the O. & O. S. S. Co., that the steamship *Belita*, with mails, &c., from San Francisco to the 19th ult., has arrived at Yokohama, and will leave for this port to-morrow.

"OFTEN wonder," he said, as they stood in the yellowish of a moonlit night, "what my last words will be." And not a vestige of sarcasm intent lurked in her mind as she answered, "So do I, George. I should so love to hear them."

THE telegraph steamer *Shard Osborne* (Capt. Morgan) which sailed hence for Manila a couple of days ago to repair the Philippine end of the cable, is not likely to return to Hongkong for a while, but will go on to Singapore, her headquarters.

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GOOD BYE, FURJOM! Good-bye, Raub! The Singapore papers are filled with reports of the flight of Europeans from various mining stations in Pahang, which have been seized and plundered by the natives. Government officials have had to flee for refuge, and a large quantity of rifles and ammunition has fallen into the hands of the Malays. Mr. Dunlop, district magistrate, has been compelled to evacuate Temerloh, which seems to be the centre of the rising. The steamship *Peris* (Capt. Habekost), subsidised for the Pahang mail service, was detained in order to assist if necessary, and it is stated that a gunboat has been asked for. The Sultan and his son are taking active steps to quell the insurrection, and large bodies of military police are being lent from the neighbouring states.

An interesting function took place in the police compound this afternoon. The whole force mustered for "inspection parade," and Mr. Horspool came forward to distribute the prizes for the annual musketry course. The highest marks were Inspector Rutlin, 137, and Inspector Mann, 136, out of 160 highest possible. Inspectors, however, are not eligible for prizes. The first prize, a silver cup, was won by Sergt. Duncan, with 133, and he will also be entitled to wear the "crossed guns and crown" badge for the year. Second prize, silver cup, P.C. 65, McClelland; third, half-dozen solid silver spoons, Acting Sergt. Waincock; and fourth, gold scarf pin, P.C. 14, Baker. The Indians received prizes—1st, \$10, Jundah Singh (50); 2nd, \$8, Mij Singh (50); 3rd, \$5, Shail Singh (53); and 4th, \$3, Jit Singh (59).

A Notice to Mariners just issued by the Government sets forth that several improvements have been made in the position, lighting and buoying of Sourabaya Strait, which may possibly account for the *Somdech Phra Nang* being overdue—now 26 days out from Java. We do not for a moment imagine that the *Somdech* is ashore in Sourabaya Strait, but publish the Memo in order that it may be of value to masters of vessels trading to Java who may, perchance, have not yet received notice of the radical changes referred to. The Memo runs as follows:—

"*Alert* at Shanghai, 8th Dec. 1891.

"Sourabaya Strait.—The Government of Batavia has given notice, dated 23rd September, 1891, that the following alterations have been made:—

"A second light gas buoy has been placed with Eastern Light, bearing N. 23° E. 2 1/2 miles. Kendra Nood 3, 8 1/2 W. Light visible 5 miles.

"The white buoy surmounted by a ball, between this gas buoy and the first one, has been replaced N.N.W. & W. at a distance of 3,300 yards off the place of the gas buoy above mentioned.

"The red and white chequered conical buoy, westward of Kali Mas, has been withdrawn. (Chart 68.)

(Signed) FRED. W. RICHARDS, Vice-Admiral.

How comes it that the Netherlands Government's notice of 23rd September did not reach the British Admiralty prior to the 8th December or the public until the 8th January? Will somebody kindly answer?

A DOLLAR A COLUMN.

"TELEGRAPH" STORIES BY THE COMBINED GENIUS OF THE GREATEST MEN ON EARTH.

Following in the footsteps of the *Daily Press*, as we always do, several weeks previously, we present our readers to-day with the first instalment of our own original fiction, which our alleged contemporary will reproduce in a mutilated and distorted form after a certain interval. It will be interesting to compare the yarn with ours and see if it is reasonably possible to trace a resemblance. It might even be almost worth while, just for once, to spend 25c. on a *Daily Press* and try to read it.

As we have never before indulged in fiction of any sort, plain or in the guise of news or any other way, it is only fair to explain. The business of a newspaper is to give news; but in Hongkong nowadays there never is any news to give, and it is always had news anyhow, so it becomes necessary to interpolate a little original fiction, so as to put life into a picture which otherwise would be all dark.

Proportion of light and shade constitutes true art. Art and nature being the two factors that make up the whole world, our catered contemporaries—nature and bad nature—at that—whereas we have "chosen the better part," and that is why the *Telegraph* is such a work of art.

Having decided, then, to perpetrate fiction, we made inquiry, and found that the usual course is to apply to an agency in England for a cheap supply of assorted twaddle, to be bristled with two or three hundred papers throughout the country. English-speaking countries, mostly out from American magazines or prepared grants from a lot of silly confiding old women under the "prize competition" system, or translated from the French and toned down by saying "mystery" and "folly" instead of other words. The average rate for these "Original Stories by Celebrated Writers" is a dollar a column, which is always called "enormous cost," and "unprecedented enterprise." Perhaps it is, for some papers—not to mention news.

Very well then. That is the system, and we don't propose to follow it. We have men on our staff, not old women or little boys, and we can get the thing up in our own office, if we have an office goat (the only one in the world), a yellow mule, a member of the Mafis, a Coming Shakespeare, a Bidding Thackeray, and several other geniuses, and if they couldn't among them make a better yarn than all that are ever supplied to feeble weaklings by newspaper syndicates, they would get the Nobel Order of the Grand Betanc. But they can't.

(Remarkable coincidence: our first novelette is called "Dakin's Orders," and our esteemed contemporary is already advertising a parody of it, entitled "Deacon's Orders." If they proceed to copy our plot or burlesque our narrative, our est. contempt will be able to an action for infringement of copyright.)

DAKIN'S ORDERS, PROLOGUE.

Circled was weary, Her sweetly subtle charmer, Her scornful, cruel victor!

All had loved the Par! Weakly she confessed, She was conquered by another—Gentle Morpheus, Death's own brother—Lulling her to rest.

Lidless she lay, On the flowery grass reclining, Headlessly of all designing—Anybody's prey!

A little crimson flower, Fragrant, and prelate, Among them all, and cured (or blest) With the greatest power.

The delectable poppy, Circled's floral reproduction, Artless look, but sure seduction, Perfect kills 99!

Circled, send to fair, Yielded to his influence, Lost her haughty arrogance, Yielded unaware.

Deadly poisonous, Strong in a seeming feeble innocence, Temptingly beautiful but mighty plant, That conquered one who laughed at all the world!

Mexico was peopled before the Christian era by the Aztecs, a mighty but warlike civilisation was in many respects equal to that of the nineteenth century, but whose vanity, like that of many of the less advanced races now existing, was their leading feature, and was gratified in a scientifically consistent manner by the erection of magnificent buildings, which none of all their signs of greatness still remain. Some of their colonies extended to Asia, and the monuments of their power are unnumbered even in places which none suppose to have been reached by them. It is from relics discovered in one of these places that the story of Dakin's Orders is placed. This explanation is necessary because some incidents in the story bear such a remarkable resemblance to stories of modern life, that misunderstanding might arise.

In one of the colonies of the far east, a lovely little island off the coast of what we now call China, a community of some three thousand settlers had made their home, and a strange sort of home it was. The natives, of whom hundreds of thousands lived on the island, were a type of humanity as different as could be from the colonists, and the points of difference were marked by those of morality and the better attributes of humanity, which the natives were exceedingly deficient in. From the great numerical preponderance of these people, many of their characteristics were transmitted into the nature of the settlers, who thus became a strange mixture of old time virtue and religious fervour, tainted and purified with the abominable infection of the children of the soil.

Among the standing evidences of the pristine simplicity and fervid sincerity of the colonists, most prominent were their religious institutions, which, through their honest intent to improve the natives, had been developed here even more vigorously than in their native country in the far west. But those very examples of national strength gave the strongest proofs of the racial deterioration; for constant contact with the natives had rotted away the integrity of purpose which originally existed, and had transformed the very organs of piety and charity into hoards of iniquity and huge mechanisms of vice.

It made a pretence of covering them—and in the eyes of their own remaining consciences there was no sign that the setting monstrous tentacles under the cloak had ever yet been visible. To all intents and purposes the Cathedral was a house of God, the convent was a nursery of devoted religious zeal, the periodical ceremonies were healthy exercises in divine worship, and the priests were saints.

On a beautiful, clear day in mid winter, when the sun shone bright, and the wind blew cold, when the hard gray landscape of the bare, bleak hills on the mainland across the harbour stood out clearer and more inhospitable than ever, the busy folk of the little island colony were bustling about the preparations for a great religious ceremony, which was held to be more important than all the business affairs of the colony together. Scores of men and women, young girls and boys, and aged specimens of humanity dragged themselves up the steep road to the cathedral nestling in a sylvan nook half way up the precipitous side of the mountain; dozens of people were being carried in chairs by their liveried servants, along the narrow winding path among the palms and the banana trees, and the wide grandeur of tropical forests in miniature, where the industrious hand of man had transformed the bare rocky soil into a cloister-like fairyland of ferns, Leichen-greenery, the countless swarms of ants, the worshippers threaded their way in a thin stream up the glen and into the cathedral. There, when they were all assembled, the venerable archbishop standing at the head of the chancel steps a hand before him a magnificent picture, solemnly imposing spectacle of a stately grey stone edifice with tall graceful columns and high arched windows, lighted dimly, and filled with the voices of a hundred of devout thousands, whose white faces and unrelenting black robes were a fitting contrast to the gaudy tints of the lancet windows around them. The old man himself, an ideal Elijah, with bald head and long white beard, thin and gaunt of figure, strong and almost frowning countenance, softened by the yellow light from the candles on each side, and solemnized by the sombre drapery of his flowing pontifical robes—this impressive picture was so familiar to the congregation that they hardly needed it, and waited rather for what was to follow.

The young men who were to come up to the altar steps and receive the archiepiscopal blessing on their inauguration to the first degree of the sacerdotal order were kneeling in the centre of the nave, their heads bent as in prayer, and all the throng behind them received not a glance or, apparently, a thought.

The Archbishop raised his hands; the organ's last strains died away, the murmur of the multitude ceased, and dead silence reigned. The old man opened wide his eyes, and glanced quickly and broken off at the same moment, as a girl sprang forward from her hiding place, among the crowd in the South transept, and thrust into his hand an open note. Instantly rather than calm purpose turned his eyes to the paper; then he quietly and collectedly looked at the girl, in one short moment putting her through a complete unspoken cross-examination; looked again at the note, thinking rather than seeing the few words it contained; handed it back, glancing significantly at the seat vacated by the girl, and as she sat down he glanced out one of the young men in front of him, one who had raised his head and seen the brief and wordless meeting of the girl. The priest gave him a look, perhaps a gesture imperceptible to the congregation; the young man arose, stood before the patriarch, and met his steady gaze for a full, long minute. Then the Archbishop, satisfied that he had an answer to his question, looked again on the congregation, and in a still, small voice which amid the deathly, sepulchral silence of the great edifice came startling and unusual, said—

"It is not good that we remain. Go, and return to-morrow. The peace of God be with you."

Slowly and solemnly he passed down the aisle, followed by his train of acolytes and the band of youthful aspirants; and wonderingly his flock followed, every one whispering eagerly to his neighbour, for they could not have been more surprised had the church itself fallen; certainly that would have been less mysterious.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

THE "ORONTES."

This morning the port medical officer, Dr. Jordan, pronounced the *Orontes* free from immediate danger, and the order was at once given to disembark. About eight o'clock the troops, steamed alongside the Admiralty Wharf, and the eight hundred men of the Shropshire Regiment marched ashore, and were immediately installed in their temporary quarters under canvas. The camp is at the most comfortable place imaginable, and at this

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